she said. "I will be . . here in . . the morning . . but, darling, darling . . you know we have to . . leave each other . . though every time I . . see you and you . . kiss me . . I love you . . more and more."

"That is exactly what I want you to do," the Duke said. He pulled her close and kissed her until once again it was impossible to think of anything but him. An ecstasy was rising within her until she felt as if she was utterly consumed by it.

Then, so suddenly that she almost fell, the Duke released her. He strode out of the room and shut the door behind him.

She was alone. Yet she felt as if her whole body was pulsating with the wonder and glory he had given her. She was no longer a human being, but one with the stars. "I . . love him . . Oh . . God . . I love him! How can I . . leave him?" she asked.

Because she felt she had to obey the Duke she got into bed. The tears were trickling down her cheeks, but after a while she fell asleep.

Luella awoke and thought it must be later than she was usually called. She looked at the clock and, thinking something must be wrong, she rang the bell.

A maid came in and started to draw back the curtains. "G'mornin', Miss," she said. "His Grace said as I wasn't t'call you. But he'd be grateful if you'd come downstairs at twelve o'clock."

"At twelve o'clock?" Luella repeated, "but . . what is the time now?"

"It's nearly eleven, Miss."

"I thought the clock must be wrong!" Luella exclaimed.

"You've got an hour to get ready, Miss," the maid said soothingly, "an' His Grace asked I to tell you you're goin' t'the country."

Luella felt her heart leap. At the same time her conscience was telling her that she ought not to go. It would make things even worse to have to say goodbye in the Castle.

And yet she had a feeling that he wanted to show her something there before they said goodbye. That too would be an agony. Because she was afraid of crying, she tried not to think of the Duke as she dressed.

The maid packed her clothes into the same trunk in which they had come to London. It was only when she was taking the things out of the small case she had packed last night that Luella realised her father's book and the magazine articles were not there.

As she stared at the half-empty case in surprise, the maid said: "I forgets t' tell you, Miss. His Grace wanted th' book an' th' papers, so I crept in ever so quiet-like while you was still asleep an' got 'em. Was that right?"

"Yes, of course, it was quite all right," Luella answered. She thought it was so like the Duke to have remembered that she wanted her father's publishers to have the manuscript of his book. "I am sure," she thought, "he will arrange for them to give me enough money to keep myself on."

At the same time she suspected he would insist upon her seeking out her relations. It would certainly be better if she had some money of her own and was